

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 36

*"Adopted
Habits"*

Chapter
02



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 36: "Adopted Habits"

Based on an Original story by Anonymous
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
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CHAPTER 02

"All right, Wade.
Stop it right now!"



Wade raised his head and finally saw that his mother was with him in the room.



He sighed, releasing
his big cock and
folding his hands
behind his head.



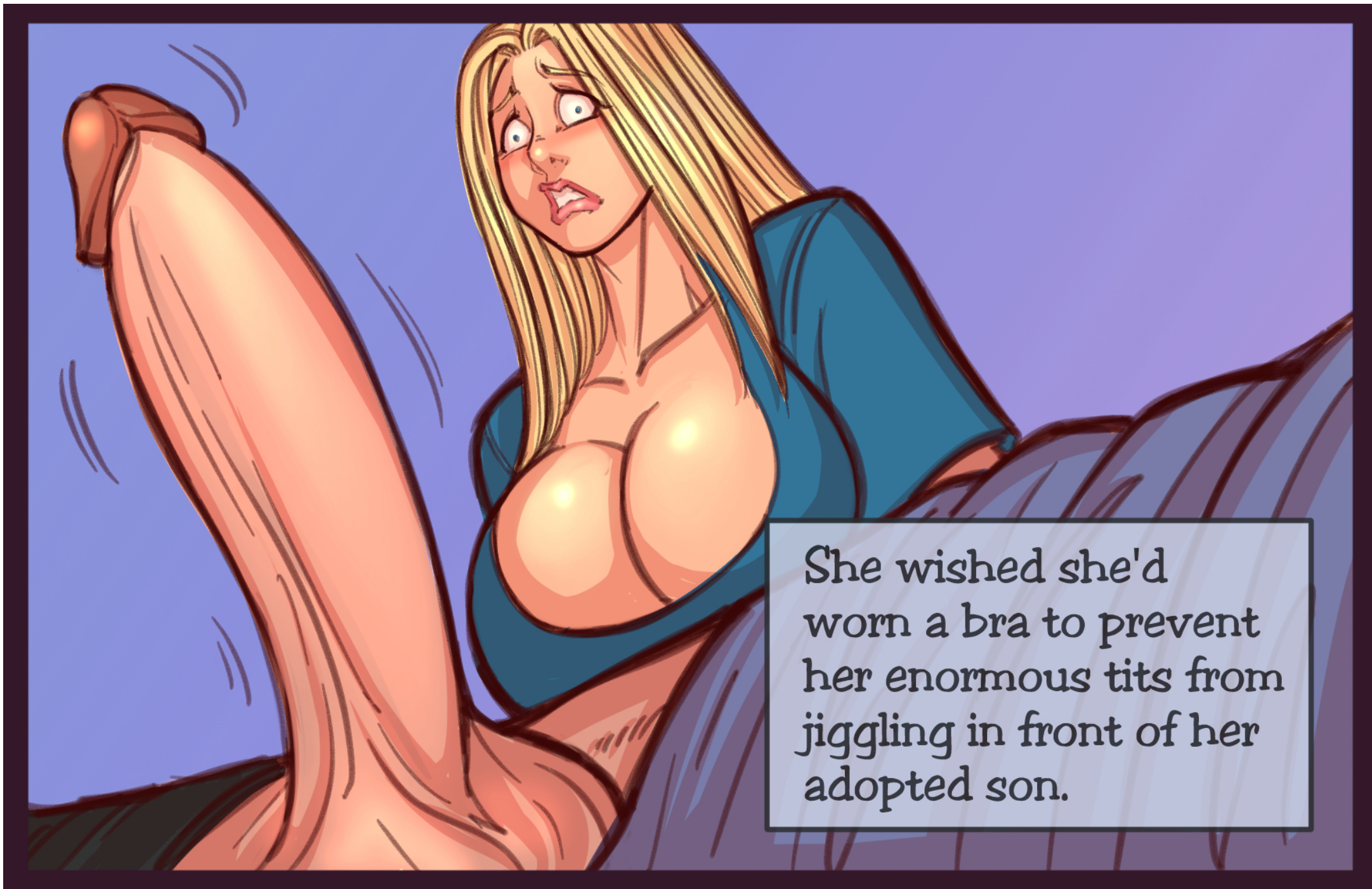
He made no effort to cover his fuck organ, and the giant cockshaft continued to buck and pulse over his stomach.



Amanda sat beside her teen on the bed, trying not to stare at his cock.




She felt her nipples stiffening and poking through the work shirt.




She wished she'd worn a bra to prevent her enormous tits from jiggling in front of her adopted son.




"Since when did you start barging in on me when my door is locked?" Wade grumbled. "Can't I even have some privacy?"




"You know perfectly well I was knocking a moment ago. I think that's sufficient justification for using the key."



"Wade, you know this is something we need to talk about. All you ever do these days is jerk off."



"It's not normal. You're not going to develop normally if you spend all your time rubbing your cock and making it come."




"I can't help it," Wade grinned. "My cock gets hard, and I feel like rubbing it. What's wrong with that?"



"Don't you know
any young girls
who could..."




A comic book panel featuring a blonde woman with a shocked expression, her mouth wide open and eyes wide. She is wearing a blue top. To her right, a hand is holding a small, glowing orange object. The background is a solid purple color. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the woman, containing text.

Amanda blushed, stopping short of telling her adopted son to find a horny girl to fuck.
"... who could help you think more about normal things?"



"You mean like fucking?"
Wade's grin broadened.

A comic book panel featuring a blonde woman with a shocked expression, wearing a blue top. To her right, a hand is shown holding a penis. A speech bubble contains the text: "Shit, Mom, I fuck a lot of girls. If you want, I can bring one home tomorrow and fuck her right here. I just like rubbing my prick a lot. It feels good."

"Shit, Mom, I fuck a lot of girls. If you want, I can bring one home tomorrow and fuck her right here. I just like rubbing my prick a lot. It feels good."




"You... you could at least pull up your pants when your own mother is talking to you. This is very embarrassing."

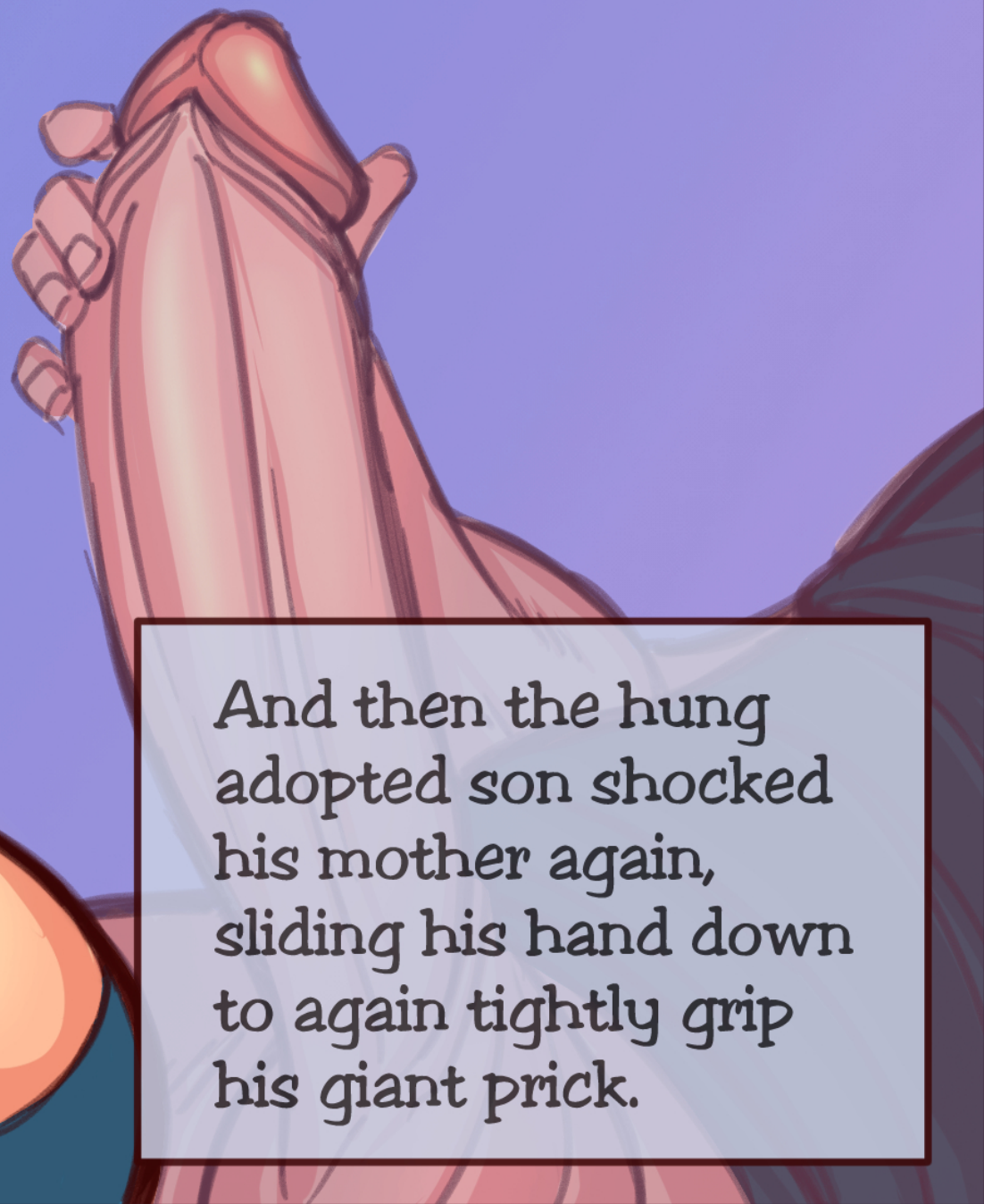
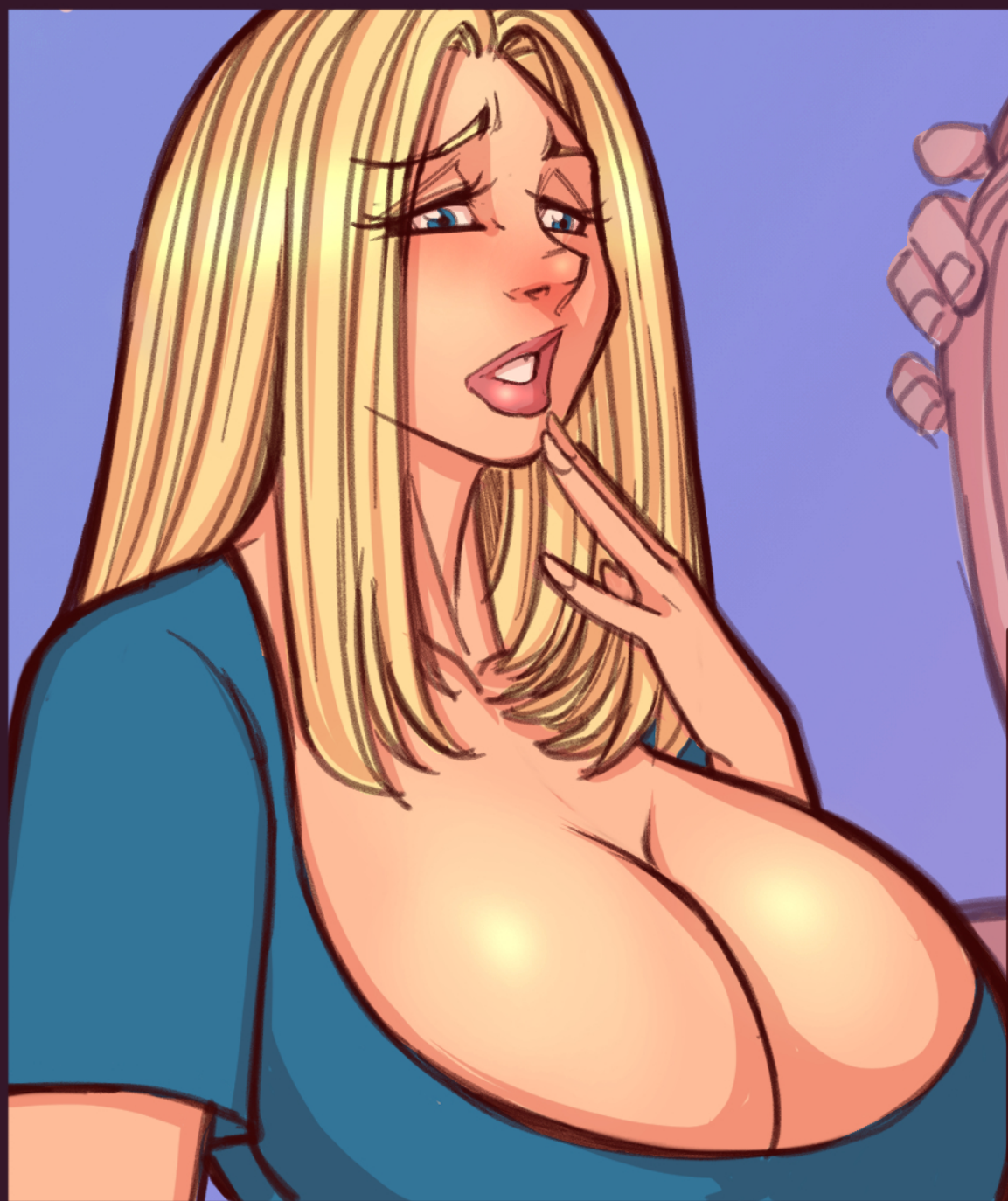


"Well, you're the one who wanted to talk, Mom. Besides you're not my real mother."

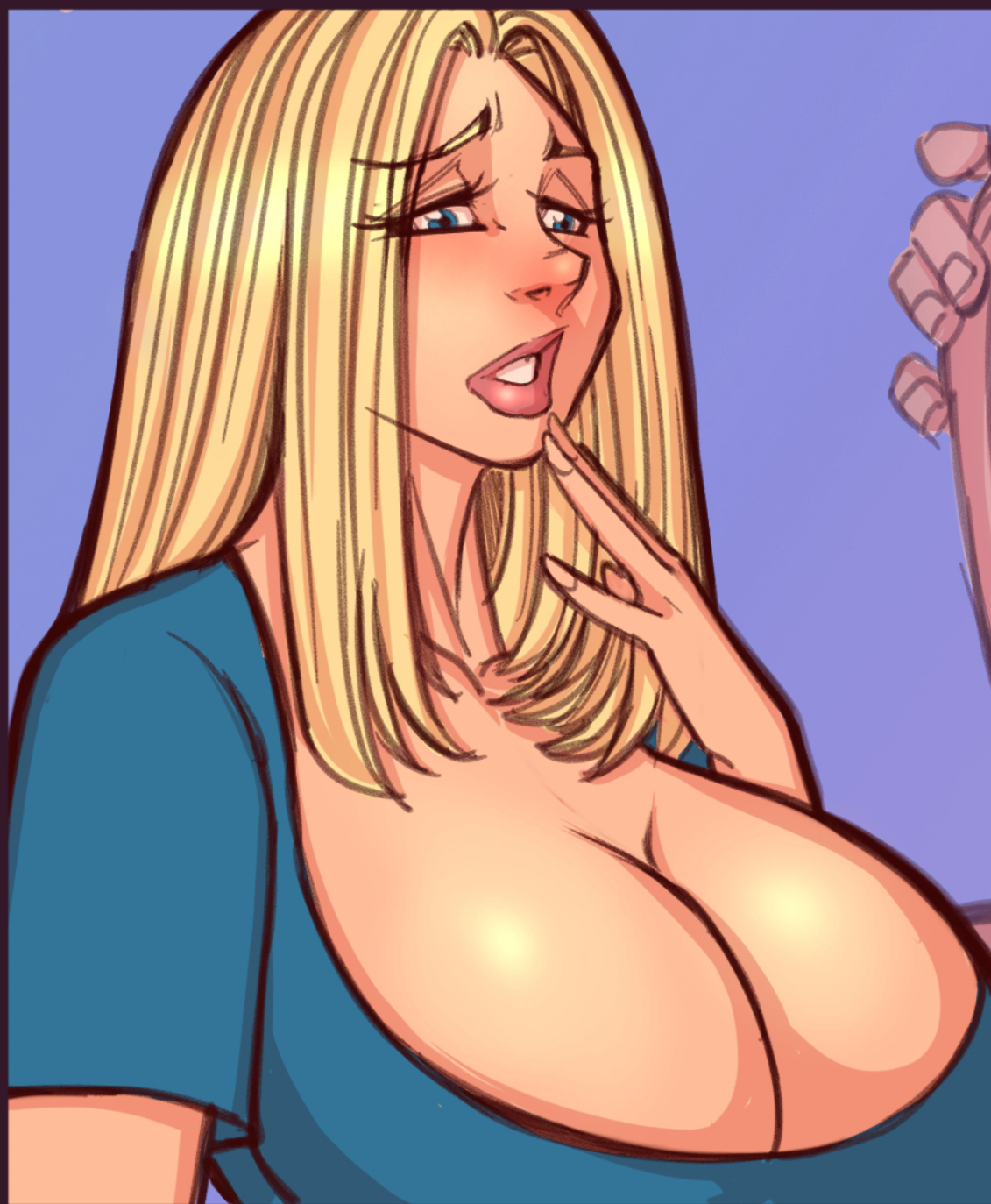




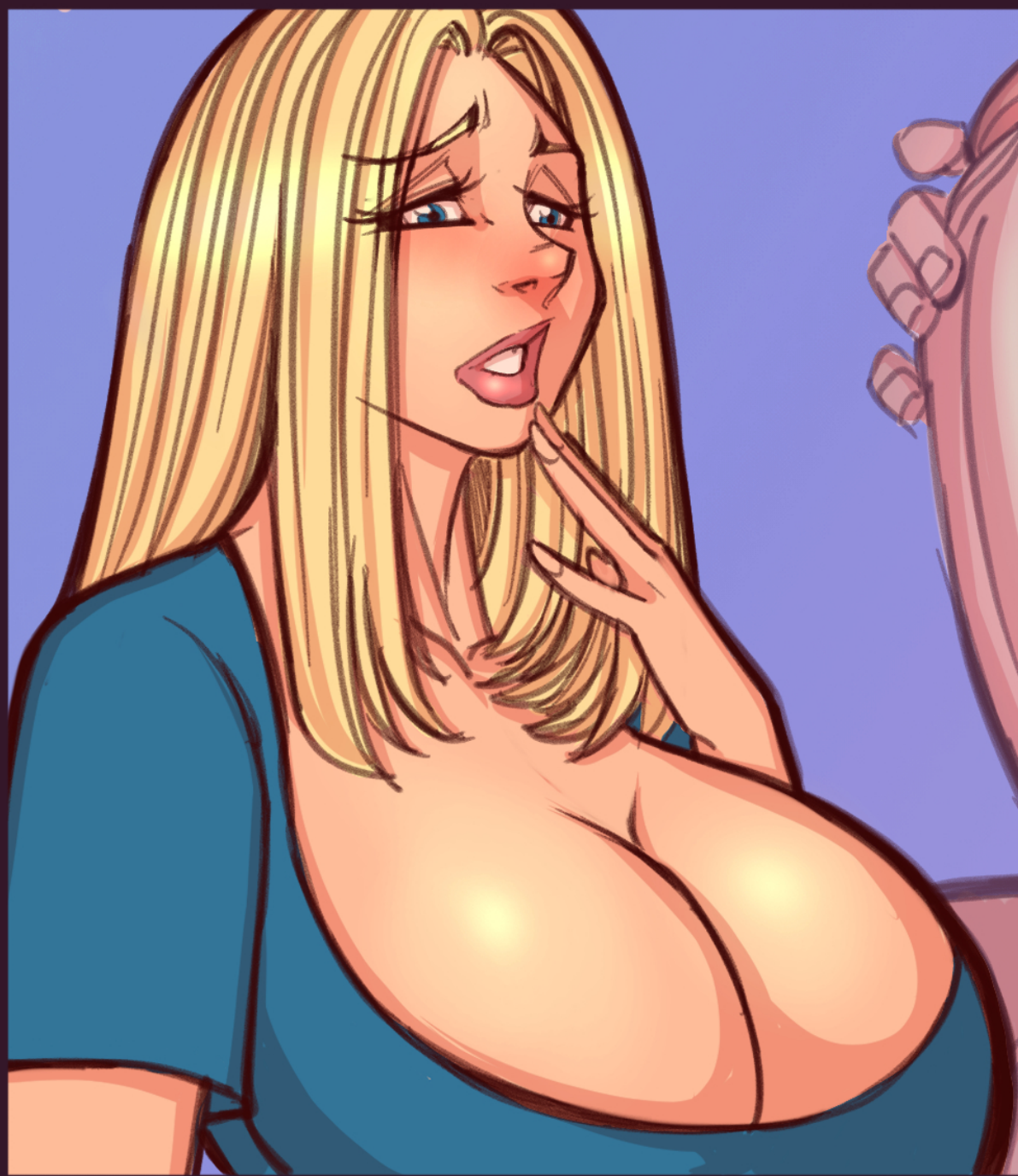
"I don't want to stop jacking off now. I've had a big load in my nuts all day. I need to cum bad!"



And then the hung adopted son shocked his mother again, sliding his hand down to again tightly grip his giant prick.




The astonished mother couldn't help staring at his tremendous cock as he started beating his meat again, slowly and very hard, groaning as he moved his fist up and down the oversized length of his cock.



"Wade! Wade, for God's sake!" Amanda gasped at him, overwhelmed with both anger and an irresistible, incestuous lust.




"How... how dare you do that in front of your mother! You take your hand off your prick this instant!"




"I don't want to,
Mom. It feels good."



And then Wade stared openly at her tits, sighing as he watched the huge, spongy tits swaying slightly under her shirt.



"Man, you sure
have a pair of
big ones, Mom."



"Sometimes I like to think about sucking them when I jerk off."



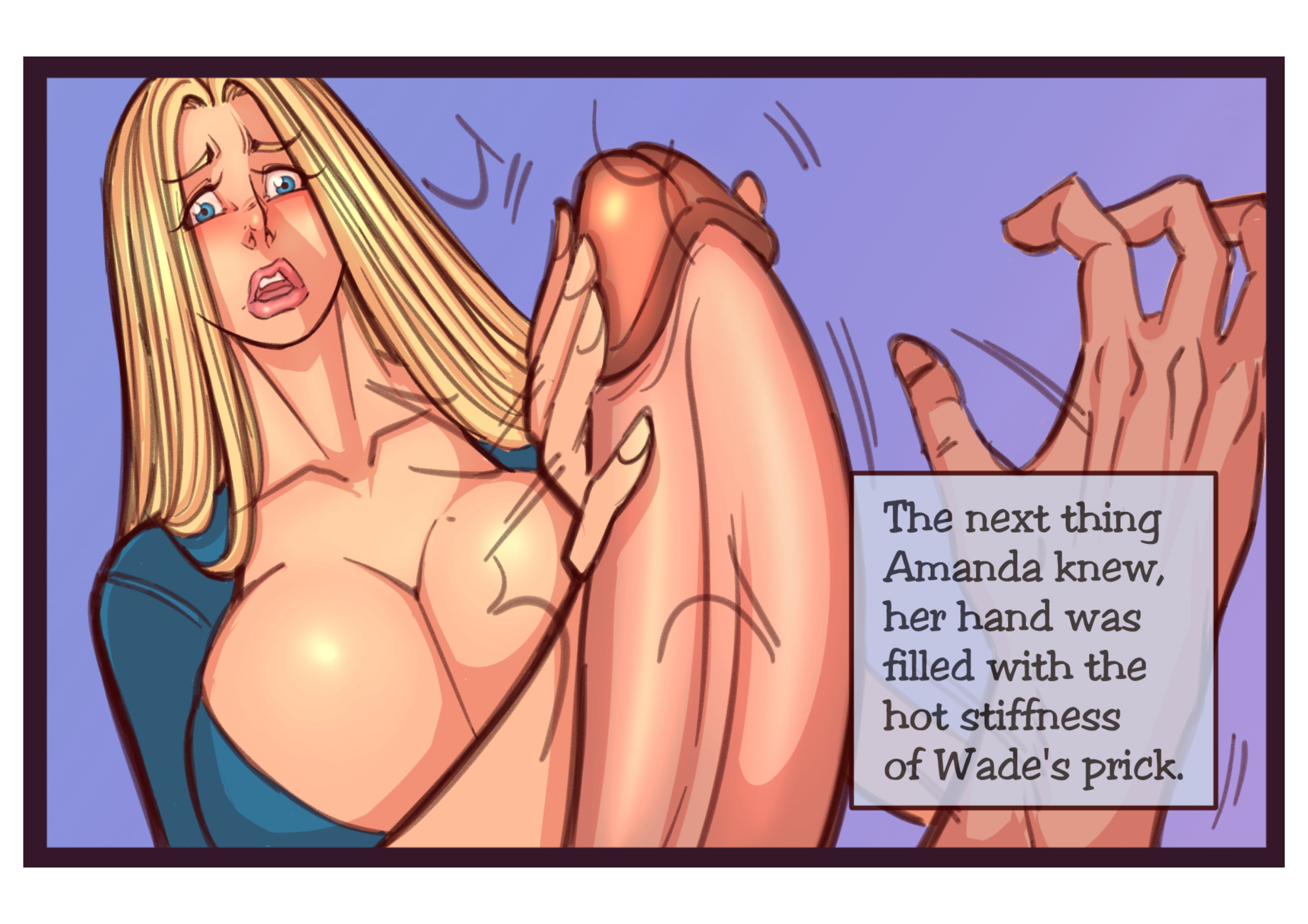
It's even better
looking at them
at the same time."
"Wade!"

Amanda was so shocked
that she knew she had
to make her boy
stop beating his cock
that instant.

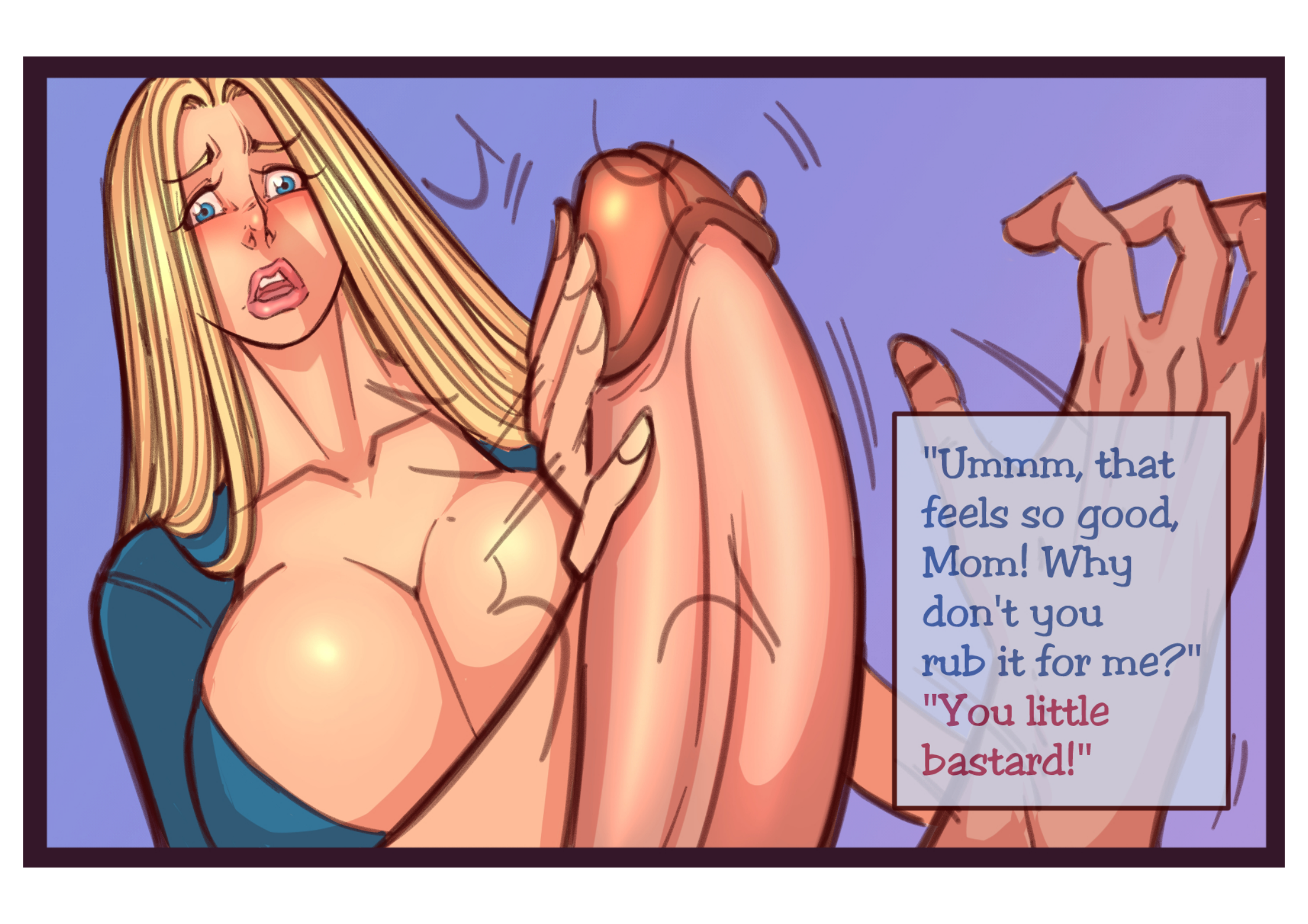
She dropped her hand,
intending to pull his finger off
of his prick.

But Wade withdrew his hand
at the same time.





The next thing
Amanda knew,
her hand was
filled with the
hot stiffness
of Wade's prick.



"Ummm, that feels so good, Mom! Why don't you rub it for me?"
"You little bastard!"

And then,
Amanda started
doing it.

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